

THE LADY'S  
WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

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*Selected for the Lady's Miscellany.*

THE

CAVE OF ST. SIDWELL.

(Continued from page 21.)

"It has been said that he who retires to Solitude is either a beast or an angel; the censure is too severe and the praise unmerited; the discontented being who retires from society is commonly some good-natured man, who has begun life without experience, and knew not how to gain it in his intercourse with mankind."

GOLDSMITH.

REGINALD, delighted with the winning graces of the lovely Rosa, grew daily more and more indulgent, and with the tenderness of an anxious parent, busied himself in the pleasing task of instruction; he made out a list of books, which Arnold procured from the neighbouring town, and Rosa proved an apt scholar; he next instructed her in the use of the pen; and, to encourage her and reward her for her attention, he suffered Arnold to purchase a guitar, which proved a most gratifying present to the lively Rosa; thus the cave, from being a gloomy horror, became gradually the abode of content and serenity. Rosa no longer shunned her protector with aversion, but became sensible of

his superiority over the peasantry she had hitherto met with; she began to look up to him with reverence not unmixed with love. She was allowed occasionally to visit the children of the good wood-cutter, and the amiable young people soon cherished towards each other a friendship unalterable. One day, Reginald returned from his accustomed solitary ramble, with an altered countenance: he caught Rosa in his arms with extreme agitation, and pressing her to his bosom cried, "Dost thou love me, Rosa?" "Indeed, indeed I do," returned she, with affectionate ardour; "but why this unusual question, dear Sir?" "Ask me not now, Rosa," he returned with increasing tenderness; "business of importance calls me from you for several days; only promise me that no persuasions shall induce you to quit the cave during my absence. I could not live without you, Rosa, and should you voluntarily abandon your unfortunate friend, oh! Rosa, terrible, would be the consequence;" he struck his forehead with his hand, and a look of desperation recalled to the memory of the appalled Rosa emotions which had once made an impression on her mind which no subsequent kindness could wholly obliterate. "Be not thus anxious," cried she, grasping

his hand ; " I would not quit the cave without your permission for the world ; but indeed the time will hang heavy on my hands while you are away, solitude is so irksome." Reginald sighed ; " To you, my sweet girl, it may seem so ; you have not felt the sting of ingratitude ; the just hatred of mankind, which fills my soul, is as yet a stranger to your gentle bosom ; I would preserve you from these miseries, from sensations which must agonize thy feeling breast even to madness ; but my language is incomprehensible to you, and your ignorance is your bliss. Should you want amusement while I am away, you may turn over the contents of an old chest, which you will find in the passage which branches to the left of the cave : there you will find some old music and books, which will no doubt afford you entertainment for a much longer period. Arnold will take care that you do not want for provisions. And now, Rosa, I have another surprise for you ; retire, awhile, my love, and return when I call you." Rosa, lost in astonishment, withdrew behind the curtain with which Reginald had of late divided their places of repose : she remained there but a short time ere she was again summoned into the presence of Reginald ; and her surprise was augmented by the transformation which his person had undergone. He had thrown aside the uncouth garb which had so long been his only covering, and now, in the elegant habit of an

Italian nobleman, displayed all the native grace of his form. Rosa gazed on him with unconcealed admiration, and he could not suppress a smile at the whimsical expression of her countenance. " What do you think of this transformation, Rosa ? I trust you are not displeased to find that I am not entirely the savage you thought me." " Indeed," replied Rosa, affectionately pressing his hand, " I am delighted with the change, and hope you will never again resume those disgusting habiliments." " That must depend upon circumstances, my girl, which I cannot at present explain ; at my return you shall know more ; let it now suffice that, for your sake alone, have I undertaken what will in all probability determine my future destiny. Ask no questions, but obey my injunctions implicitly ; observe a profound secrecy as to what has passed between us, and shun the prying eye of curiosity. Should my stay exceed two days, and you find yourself dull, you may visit the cottage ; but let your visits there be short, and observe the caution I have given you." Rosa promised willing obedience, and after embracing her tenderly, he departed. Rosa watched his progress from the mouth of the cave : he frequently looked back and waved his hand to her, till at length the gloom of the forest wholly obscured his figure. Rosa burst into tears ; she felt as if left alone in the world, and terrible apprehensions filled her mind that her only protector and companion



would be snatched from her. It was in vain she endeavoured to retrace the scenes of her infancy; confused ideas only floated in her imagination, which she found it impossible to connect or reduce to any certainty. The retiring sun now obliged her to light her lamp; sleep seemed banished from her aching eyes, and she took up her guitar to beguile the heavy hours, but her mind was agitated, and her favourite tunes had then no charms to sooth. Novelty must be tried: she recollected the old chest, and in a moment formed the determination of examining the contents. She accordingly took the lamp from the hook, and, with the impatience of curiosity, hastened into the recess: after turning over a number of things, which she considered mere rubbish, she perceived in one corner a packet of letters—the music was in an instant forgotten—she eagerly seized the prize, and returning to the habitable part of the cave, anxiously endeavoured to peruse the contents; it did not immediately occur to her, that the action was improper; a fair opportunity seemed to offer to discover mysteries which had long perplexed her, and she unfolded letter after letter in the hope of perceiving her own name; for Reginald, with his mistrustful caution, had never mentioned the total ignorance he was in, respecting her connections, but rather gave her to understand that she was particularly recommended to his protection. Yet still Rosa remained ungratified; the names

were entirely unknown to her; but female curiosity still urged her to proceed, and every line increased her astonishment at a perfidy of which she had hitherto formed no idea. Yet they in part revealed the cause of her unhappy guardian's retreat from the world, at an age when most men enter with avidity into all its pleasures. The letters were written in an elegant female hand, and the contents ran thus—

## LETTER I.

"YOUR last, dear Julian, filled me with concern—your illness alarms me. Why am I condemned to this cruel separation, at a time when my tender affections might sooth the pains of disease, and calm the agitation of that too susceptible heart? yet doubt not that my whole soul is with you. It is in vain that Reginald would drag me from one scene of dissipation to another; I take no pleasure in his kindness; his fondness disgusts me; he seems astonished at the apathy with which I behold scenes to me so new, to others so delightful;—he is full of a thousand tender apprehensions.—Troublesome creature! he pursues me like a shadow; even now I hear his steps, and the discordant omen grates on my ears!—It compels me to conclude this abruptly—it checks all the fond things I would have added.

JULIA."

## LETTER II.

"CALM your apprehensions, my beloved Julia; I am better, in-

finitely better ; your sweet epistle was the healing balm which restored me to life and happiness.— And are you still faithful ? has not the doating caresses of — alienated your affection from your poor Julian ?—Oh, no ! the conviction brings rapture with it !—our very names denote our inseparable union !—But, dearest creature ! how did it happen that you forgot my request ?—can you think that I would have tasked your generosity without pressing necessity ?—I am ashamed to repeat my request ; it must have been inconvenient, or Julia would not have suffered it to pass unnoticed.—I am too weak to write long letters—my love must excuse me.—Adieu !

“ JULIAN.”

#### LETTER III.

“PARDON me, Julian ; anxiety for your health banished every other consideration from my mind. I enclose you a sum larger than you required ; *he* gave it to me this morning to discharge some petty bills ; but I can make a thousand excuses to get a fresh supply, so accept it without scruple.—But I have something still better to impart—Reginald is going from the Chateau for a week—there's tid- ing for you !—no doubt you will avail yourself of it.—Why should not my *brother* be as welcome as his *sister*—and my brother you must be. Reginald begins to entertain hopes of an heir !—We can laugh over that story when you

come to the Chateau.—No more at present.

“ JULIA.”

Rosa, though incapable of comprehending the whole purport of these infamous letters, yet understood enough to convince her that the confidence of Reginald had been grossly abused, and she tossed them from her with indignation. The night was already far advanced ; her mind, diverted from her own solitary situation by the wrongs of him who was now regarded by her with more tender esteem, gradually recovered its former serenity, and she soon composed herself sufficiently to enjoy the sweet sleep of innocence. In the morning Arnold paid her a visit ; he was surprised at the absence of Reginald, and hazarded innumerable conjectures. Rosa was silent as to what had passed previous to his departure, as well as on the subject of the letters she had found ; and Arnold in vain endeavoured to persuade her to accompany him home. On the following day, however, he was more successful ; lively joy sparkled in the eyes of young Lucius at the sight of her, and the afternoon was spent in innocent hilarity. At an early hour Rosa returned to the cave, and could not but shudder at the gloomy contrast it presented when compared with the cheerful party and comfortable fire-side at the cottage.

Rosa was now sixteen, and though habit had reconciled her to the inconveniencies of the cave, she could not but consider her situation irk-



some, though respect for Reginald prevented her from expressing the least dissatisfaction. This night in particular, Rosa felt all the horrors of her situation; the loud wind whistled through the trees, and every appalling blast struck terror to the heart of the unprotected girl. It was to no purpose that she called music to her aid; the overpowering whirlwind silenced her feeble strains; and though safe from the fury of the tempest which raged without, her depressed spirits felt its full influence. For several hours Rosa remained in this uncomfortable state, when at length a calm succeeded, and she prepared to take that repose of which she stood so much in need, when a cry of distress assailed her ears, and again excited sensations of alarm. For some moments she listened attentively—the cry was repeated, succeeded by the trampling of horses. Dreading any danger to her friend, Rosa rushed wildly from the cave, calling aloud on the name of Reginald: no answer was returned, and she ventured boldly onward, till her progress was impeded by some object on the ground. Not doubting but that it was Reginald, she raised the person in her arms, and in gentle accents inquired if he was hurt; but it was a stranger to whom she addressed herself, and she succeeded with difficulty in assisting to the cave a youth who had been wounded by some banditti in the forest. Rosa bound his wounds with some of her own linen, but restoratives

she had none, and the stranger remained several hours insensible to her care; at length, opening his eyes, and fixing them on the interesting figure of Rosa, he exclaimed—“Sweet spirit! for in this dreary spot I can scarcely believe thee mortal, how have I become the object of thy tender charity?” Rosa, unused to the refinement of language, knew not what to make of this speech; “Compose yourself, Segnior,” said she; “you have been much hurt; you are in friendly hands, and all I can do for you I will do with pleasure; perhaps to-morrow we may get better assistance.”—“Are you alone in this dreary cave?” asked the stranger.—“At present, I am; but I have a very dear protector, who will soon return.” At that moment it occurred to Rosa, that probably Reginald would be displeased at this new intruder; yet she thought him too good to condemn an act of humanity, and she eagerly wished for morning, which she doubted not would either bring him or Arnold to the cottage. Her hopes were confirmed by the early appearance of the wood-cutter: he listened to her account with surprise and pity, and assured the stranger, that if he found himself able to accompany him through the forest, he should be accommodated with respect and kindness at his cottage. To this the youth readily assented, and leaning on the arm of the benevolent Arnold, after expressing himself with all the energy of admiration and grati-

tude to Rosa, he departed. The artless girl, who had never before beheld a form so attractive, suffered her eyes to express the sentiment he had raised in her inexperienced bosom, and assured him in the simple accents of sincerity, that she should be happy to hear of his recovery.

[To be continued.]

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MISCELLANEOUS.

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FROM THE WRITINGS OF THE  
"OLD WOMAN."

MY VENERABLE MOTHER,

For I suppose you are a mother, and probably have grand children, aye, and great grand children too, let me catechise you a little, and see what I can make of you? I confess I am sometimes much pleased with your lucubrations; but they are not always on subjects to my mind; and liberal as you are in giving advice, I feel myself at a loss on many points which I respectfully submit to you in the way of question. Young as I am, and if I may believe my glass and the gentleman too, handsome into the bargain, with a tolerable independent fortune, I am not above taking counsel, and therefore I flatter myself, out of your great benignity and large knowledge, you will not withhold your answers to queries which I think it necessary for my satisfaction, and likewise my happiness, to be

resolved in. But you must not expect method; and as I do not mean to be impertinent, you will have the goodness not to be touchy with me, though they say that old women are always so; and if I have the pleasure of finding you otherwise, I shall set you down as the paragon of ancient matrons.

I am, vengrable dame, yours,  
as you treat me,  
LYDIA QUISITIVE.

Q. When should a girl be out of leading strings, or in other words when may she answer for herself, without referring backwards and forwards to mamma?

A. When she has *prudence* to walk alone, and can be satisfied in her heart and conscience, that she owes no farther duty to the author of her being, and the guide of her youth.

Q. When a young fellow says soft things to a daughter, and appears desirous to conceal his partiality from a father or mother, is he to be implicitly trusted?

A. No.

Q. If a girl has half a dozen admirers, and feels no particular attachment for either, is she to run the risque of losing them all by rejecting their suits, and telling them the truth, or is she to keep them all in hopes, till she finds how her heart will decide?

A. None but a coquette can ever be in such a predicament.



Q. Suppose a father were to press the suit of one lover, a mother of a second, and my own heart incline to a third, whose claims should be preferred?

A. I am not casuist enough to determine—but if possible, duty and inclination should be combined.

Q. How is a woman to know whether her person, her mind, or her fortune, is the principal object of attraction, when a gentleman makes her a *tendre* of his love?

A. She may form a pretty good guess, from the value she herself attaches to those qualities.

Q. Is a good natured fool, or a sensible and agreeable rake to be preferred for a husband?

A. Neither in my opinion is very desirable—but virtue ought always to have the preference.

Q. Is it prudent or safe to confess attachment, whatever we may feel, till we are certain that we have engaged it?

A. Certainly not.

Q. Should we dissemble love, after we are sure that we are loved, and have no reason to be ashamed of it, and violate no duty by owning it?

A. No.

Q. When a lover absents himself from the person whose af-

fections he has tried for some time to engage, and urges her to correspond with him, ought she to comply?

A. Letter-writing is a dangerous weapon in the hands of a young lady, and never should be used without the privity of parents and guardians.

Q. Is it prudent to form any partial connexion with a person whom circumstances will not allow to marry, till perhaps a remote and uncertain period?

A. Such connexions are generally unfortunate; and though they are frequently formed with the best intentions on both sides, it is wisdom to avoid them.

Q. Is it in any case advisable to marry a man much younger or much older than one's self?

A. The age should undoubtedly be on the man's side; but if there is too great a disparity either way, it is apt to lay the foundation of jealousy, and with jealousy love can never dwell.

Q. Is it necessary to have an ardent passion for a man whom we consent to attend to the altar, or is a match of prudence as likely to be happy as a match of love?

A. Without prudence there can be no happiness. In the married state, friendship is a more durable passion than love.

Q. Should a married woman en-

deavour to support her influence by resistance or by submission ?

A. No man of a generous spirit will submit to be ruled by a woman ; and even the worst men will be more swayed by silent submission, and an uniform attention to please, than by the loudest remonstrances, even when they are felt to be just.

Q. Is a woman, when married, to have no will of her own ?

A. To support her influence by her amiable qualities, is truly honourable, and cannot fail to have the desired effect ; but what she gains by contention, will be infinitely more than balanced by the loss of her husband's affection.

Q. Is it better to remain single or to marry ?

A. That question must depend on circumstances. Celibacy is not the state of nature ; but it is always more desirable than an imprudent match.

Q. Should a woman conceal any thing from the man she has resolved to marry, that concerns herself ?

A. If she does, she is laying the foundation of future misery to herself and her husband ; and if concealments are criminal in the immediate prospect of marriage, they are so in a tenfold degree afterwards.

Q. Is a wife bound to superintend the early education of her

children, as well as vigilantly to manage the affairs of her household ?

A. This question scarcely requires an answer : the relation in which a wife stands, exacts these duties of her as sacred rights.

Q. When a woman is married, how far is her duty to her parents allowable, when it interferes with her duty to her husband ?

A. The last obligation we contract, always, in some measure, supersedes the former. A wife ought to be passive and obedient : and if she cannot reconcile jarring interests by private influence, not to widen the breach by active and public interference.

Q. Is it the duty of a wife to shew respect to those whom her husband respects ?

A. It is undoubtedly her duty to shew them every degree of civility : respect is not always in our own power ; it is felt and not shewn.

Q. Is it not the duty of a husband to indulge his wife in all her reasonable wants and wishes ?

A. Of this he ought to be the best judge. What may appear reasonable to the one, would often, I fear, appear ruinous to the other. In families and societies there can be but one supreme head ; and God and nature have made the husband that head.

I have answered my inquisitive



correspondent LYDIA QUISITIVE, with all the candour and impartiality that I hope she can expect. Should my sentiments be of any service to her or others, who may be desirous of similar information, I shall congratulate myself on giving her questions a place in this paper. It has never been my aim to flatter prejudices, or confirm error. I know it is for the interest and the happiness of my sex, to adopt the otherwise exploded doctrine of "passive obedience," in regard to husbands. The woman

"Who never answers till his temper cools,

And if she rules him, shews not that she rules,"

will seldom have reason to regret the policy of her conduct, or the principles that direct her.

#### THE SELECTOR.

Nb. 3.

#### Miseries of London.

While you are harmlessly reading or writing in a room that fronts the street, being compelled during the whole morning, to undergo the savage jargon of yells, drays, and screams, familiarly, but feebly termed "the cries of London;"—dustmen,—beggars,—muffin mongers, and horn boys.

A footman at the next house learning to play on the French horn or the fiddle.

In attempting to pay money in

the street emptying your purse into the kennel...the *wind* taking care of the *paper-money*.

*The trembling notes ascend the sky!*

As you are quietly walking in the neighbourhood of Smithfield, on market-day, finding yourself suddenly obliged, though your dancing days are over, to lead outside, cross over, foot it, and a variety of other steps and figures, with mad bulls for your partners.

#### ENIGMA, BY BEN JONSON.

A MOWER there is who never whets his scythe;

Of what he cuts no parson e'er asks tythe;  
By day or night, him still at work you'll find;

His work once done, he never looks behind.

Tho' old, he never rests, nor sits, nor lies,

And moves so fast, that some folks say he flies.

Ne'er follow him, but catch him in the front,

Make much of him, 'twill turn to good account.

But I forgot, one thing I ought to mention,

He was the original of the clock's intention.

I say no more but this, for sake of rhyme,  
You'll surely find him if you take your time.

#### Receipt for composing a Modern Love-Letter.

TAKE five hundred protestations, half as many vows, three thousand lies, fifty pounds weight of deceit,

an equal quantity of nonsense, and treble the whole of flattery. Mix all these ingredients together, and add thereto half a scruple of sincerity: sweetening it often with the words *Angel, Goddess, Honey, Charmer*, and the like. When it is sweetened to your taste, take as much of it as you think proper, fold it up in gilt paper, seal it with the impression of a flaming heart full of wounds, let it be carefully delivered, and it is irresistible.

ABOUT the year 980, Agna Sancha, countess of Castile, being a widow, became passionately in love with a Moorish Prince; and having resolved to marry him, she formed the design of poisoning her son, Sancho Garcia, count of Castile, who might have opposed this union. Garcia being informed of her design, when a cup of wine, which had been poisoned by order of the countess, was presented to him at table, without seeming to know any thing of the matter, he begged, as if out of compliment, that his mother would drink first. Agna perceiving that her criminal intention was discovered, and despairing to obtain pardon, drank the contents of the cup, and soon after expired. This, it is said, gave rise to the custom in Castile, of making the women drink first, which is still observed as a point of civility in different parts of Spain.

WHEN *Butler*, Duke of Ormond, went over as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, the vessel was driven,

by stress of weather, into the Isle of Man, where his grace was hospitably entertained by the curate of the place, named *Joseph*. The pleasantness of his landlord induced the Duke to inquire into his circumstances, and, finding that they were but scanty, he promised to provide for him as soon as he should be settled in the viceroyship. *Joseph* waited many months in hopes of hearing from his patron; but being disappointed, he resolved to go over to Dublin to remind him of his promise. Despairing of gaining access to the Duke, he waited upon Dean Swift, and asked his permission to preach at the cathedral the next Sunday. The Dean, delighted with his conversation, gave his consent. The Lord Lieutenant, with his court, were all at church, and sat opposite to the pulpit; none of them had any recollection of *Joseph*, till, after having named his text, which was in Genesis, 40. 23. "Yet did not the chief *Butler* remember *Joseph*, but forgot him," he made so pointed an allusion to the Duke, and his entertainment in the Isle of Man, that his features were recognised, and when the sermon was done, he was invited to the castle, and a good living was provided for him.

A MARGATE advertisement, by an Ass-lender, whose donkies are alternately employed by Ladies and Smugglers:—

"Asses here to be let for all purposes right;

"To bear *Angels* by day, and *spirits* by night."



Editor of the Lady's Miscellany.

Sir,

The following story is truly interesting, and it is averred to be founded on facts; The names of the characters only are fictitious. By giving it a place in your miscellany you will oblige your humble servant,

AMANDA.

IN the country of Devon lived a lady, whom, for particular reasons, I shall call Belise. Her father was a gentleman of the neighbourhood, a man of birth and ample estate. She was an only child, and this was the first misfortune of her life. Her parents, with a blind fondness too usual with such children, indulged her from earliest infancy in every wish, and thus encouraged in her that sickly delicacy of mind which was of so fatal consequence to her future happiness. Her next misfortune was the loss of her mother, when she had scarcely attained her twelfth year. Belise upon this event left school, whence she was called to the consolation of her father; and his affection would not suffer her to return.

A governess was taken into the house, and every master of eminence in every elegant accomplishment engaged to attend her. With advantages like these, the most inferior talents might have become respectable; but the quick mind, the lively imagination of Belise, her ready wit, and prompt conception turned these opportunities to the best account.

In the neighbourhood of Belise and a few miles of her house, lived two gentlemen, who, by the death of their fathers, had obtained an early possession of their estates. These were the chief candidates for her favour. Her father had referred them to Belise herself, informing them that the education he had given his daughter enabled her to chuse for herself, and that wherever that choice might fall, it should be confirmed by his consent. With this candid answer, the gentlemen began their addresses, and exerted themselves to gain her good opinion. Belise had some difficulty to decide between her lovers. If Lysander had the better wit, Acasto had the better person; if Lysander had more of the manly character, Acasto had more of that suppleness which enabled him to assume the tone of every one with whom he conversed. In the wit of Lysander there was an acuteness which inspired something of dread; Acasto was gay and trifling, easy to his own faults, and indifferent to those of others; Acasto, in short, was the more agreeable lover, but Lysander seemed best suited for the husband. As Belise and myself have walked up the lanes, we would often dispute on the different qualities of the two lovers. One day, however, a circumstance happened which determined her choice. As it marks the singularity of her character, and has something strange in itself, I will relate it.

One morning as we were walking before the house, and conversing as usual on their separate merits, the caprice took me to speak in favour of Acasto, in order to judge how the heart of my friend was disposed.

"Well, for my part," I exclaimed, "were I to determine, Belise, my choice should fall upon Acasto."

"But he is so great a coxcomb," she replied.

"That is, my dear," returned I, "he has so much of that gaiety and good humour which please the generality of our sex, and is so unusual among men; and if the greater part abuse it, it is that they want talents to reach it. It is a customary kind of policy to affect to despise what they have not the power to attain. It is an artifice that saves our credit, and converts our incapacity to acquire a quality into the seeming virtue of despising it. Shew me any man," I continued, "with the gifts of a coxcomb, who has not become a coxcomb. Moreover, if we may believe the moralists, those marriages are generally the most happy where the parties are most alike—where there is most harmony of temper and most similitude of pursuit. Now let me ask you, my dear, what can more resemble a woman than a coxcomb?"

Belise laughed, and added, that I had pleaded the cause well. "And

here," she cried, "comes your client—demand your fee."

We were now joined by Acasto, who, dismounting, and leading his horse, begged we might continue our conversation, and enquired into the nature of it.

"Certainly," replied Belise; "we have fallen into an argument upon which of two qualities a rational preference should be grounded—wit and good-humour are the subjects. This lady has taken the part of good-humour, and I have been defending wit. Pray what is your opinion Sir?"

"Why, with your pardon, Madam, I must pass over to this side of the house; this lady's preference, I confess, is mine. The value of any quality must be rated according to its utility in life—in other words, according to its effect in promoting our happiness. Now, who will deny that good-humour does more to promote this end than all the wit in the world? The happiness of domestic life, the pleasures of society and conversation, depended entirely upon this quality: and there are thousands who, with very moderate pretensions to intellectual distinctions, diffuse joy and life around them by the mere possession of this homely gift. But here comes Lysander to give his sentiments."

Lysander having joined us, was informed by his rival of the nature of our conversation; and I thought,



upon mentioning the dispute between wit and good-humour, he appeared as if he understood the meaning of the argument, which had escaped his more shallow rival. He perceived that his mistress was comparing her two lovers, and endeavouring to weigh, by their own assistance, their different qualities.

"I confess," said he, in giving his opinion, "my preference is for what you are pleased to call wit, but, which, with your permission, I will change into understanding. And you must give me leave to remark an error. In sitting wit on one side, and good-humour on the other, you seem to have adopted as a principle that there is a kind of natural incongruity between them, and that they cannot be mixed together in the same person. A very common error; but there is no such natural distinction. There are many who have been equally known for good understanding, and to use a vulgar expression, for good tempers. There is a difference, indeed, between the insipid good-nature—a blind instinct of a fool, and that higher kind which marks the man of understanding. A man of good-nature will, indeed, relieve any distress which is immediately presented to his eyes, but he will relieve it in a common way. A man of understanding will sometimes step out of his way, and will do things of which the other would have never thought."

Lysander had scarcely finished, when a poor woman, apparently the

wife of a soldier, came up to us, and asked alms. She had a fine child with her, but both mother and child, though it was a cold wintry day, were so thinly clad, that they seemed sinking beneath the inclemency of the season. Acasto, with his usual good-nature, gave her some loose silver. She next applied to Lysander, who, to our astonishment, pulling off his great coat, threw it over the woman and her infant, and giving her some money, desired her to hasten to the next town, as he foresaw a fall of snow. The woman took her leave, but had proceeded only a few steps, when excess of fatigue brought her to the ground. Acasto ran and assisted her and the woman presently continued on her way. Lysander, as soon as he saw her fall, without seeming to go to her assistance, or telling us his intention, walked to the house of Belise's father, which was not far distant from the road where we were walking. We were at a loss to know what he intended, when in less than a quarter of an hour we saw him return in his phaeton; and bowing as he passed, and telling Belise that he dined with her father, he proceeded onwards and soon reached the woman and child. He instantly took them up, and having no servant with him, drove off himself. Acasto and myself laughed, but Belise appeared serious, and in a short time pensive.

In truth, it was this singular and half ludicrous circumstance that determined her choice. Her mind,

which had all the warm enthusiasm of romance, was sensibly struck by a singularity like this; and her heart was, from this day, decided in favour of Lysander. He soon perceived her preference, and pursued her by his opportunities into an acknowledgement of his being an accepted lover. As his family and fortune were unexceptionable, the choice of the daughter was confirmed by the consent of the father: in short, the day was soon fixed which was to give him Belise for ever. In the mean time, the success of his rival was soon visible to Acasto, and he saw it with an indifference which even astonished those that best knew the easiness of his temper.

As Belise and myself were one day walking, Acasto perceived us from a distance, and instantly rode up.—“I am come,” said he, taking Belise’s hand, “with a dire intent.”

“How so?” said Belise.

“Why to put you to the rack, Madam. In short, I have now a business of some importance.”

At this I was preparing to leave them. He stopped me.

“Nay Madam it may concern you too,” said he.

I waited to hear him.

[*To be concluded next week.*]

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#### MARRIED,

*On Sunday evening last, by the rev. Dr. Milledoler, Mr. Archibald*

*McCullum, merchant, to Miss Rebecca Ballard, both of this city.*

*On Sunday evening last, by the rev. Mr. Henderson, Mr. John Haymes, of this city, to Miss Margaret Romer, of Hackensack.*

*On Saturday evening, the 24th ult. by the rev. Dr. Rodgers, Mr. Charles Tillinghast Keese, to Miss Maria Brownjohn, both of this city.*

*At Flatlands, on Thursday evening last, by the rev. Mr. Scoonmaker, Mr. John Lott, to Miss Maria Voorhees.*

*At the Friends meeting-house at Anapolis, on the 14th of October, Mr. Caleb Brown, to Miss Phoebe Weeks, both of Peekskill.*

*On Saturday evening last, at Philadelphia, by the rev. Mr. Zecline, Mr. C. J. Burkle, merchant, to Miss Charlotte Spitz, all of that city.*

#### DIED,

*On Sunday evening, after a short illness, Mr. James Desbrosses, an old and respectable inhabitant of this city.—It is supposed he left an estate worth one million of dollars.*

*On Friday evening, the 6th inst. Mrs. Jane Lovet, wife of Mr. John Lovett, late of City Hotel, aged 47 years.*

*On the 6th inst. of a lingering illness, which he bore with Christian fortitude and resignation, George I. Warner, Es. in the 34th year of his age.*

*Whilst friendship burns within a faithful breast,*

*Thy name be cherish'd, and thy worth confess'd.*

---

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## POETRY.

*For the Lady's Miscellany.*

## PICTURE OF LIFE.

STRANGE, what a being's man! how  
vast his powers!

And yet how weak his frame! how short  
his life,

And e'en 'that life how comfortless to  
some.

The virtuous rise in life with prospects  
fair,

And nought is seen 't obscure their op'-  
ning days,

But ah! 'ere they arrive at half their  
years,

Misfortune's clouds arise, and blight the  
pleasing view.

Losses consume their fortunes, and their  
friends

Or who were friends 'till then, refuse re-  
lief;

In vain they stem the tide, they lose  
their all

And in a cell, instead of palace, die!

Statesmen, philosophers, e'en kings and  
lords

Before their end arrives, must feel the  
ills of life.

But most of all, while others only taste  
The bitter cup, the inspired poet too,  
The Muses favourite shall drink it to the  
dregs,

Slighted, forgotten by an unfeeling world,  
His laurels fade, he pines in want away;  
Such heart-felt inj'ries from his fellow-  
men,

Rob of all peace the remnant of his days,  
And shroud in gloom and night, his set-  
ting sun.

Others there are, who study and delight  
To add tenfold to every ill of life,  
And swell the catalogue of human woes.

Such wretches live a curse upon the  
earth,

And, hated, die unpitied and forgot.

I do remember an unhappy man,  
Who, after years of ceaseless care and  
toil,

Had reap'd enough of earthly wealth,  
To live in peace, from busy life retir'd,  
And all his future plans with care ar-  
rang'd:

Thus eager he expected coming ease,  
And many years of pleasure to enjoy,  
Nor saw the distant clouds which rose  
apace,

Nor dream'd how fast he hastened to his  
end.

A friend, or rather fiend in human shape  
Who ne'er had shar'd so well of For-  
tune's smiles,

By artful words and promises, so won  
Upon the gen'rous heart of his unwary  
friend,

That by degress he lent his utmost all,  
Trusting the threadbare honour of a  
villain;

And all indeed by the base wretch was  
kept,

Who fled to foreign lands to enjoy his  
prize.

And what is friendship but a name,

A charm that lulls to sleep;

A shade that follows wealth and fame,  
But leaves the wretch to weep.

*Goldsmith.*

Vast was the rising tide of grief; he'd  
spent

The flower of his days to reap that  
wealth

Which treachery's rude hand had torn  
away;

His airy hopes of bliss, like shadows  
flew,

Vanish'd his golden dreams, his air-  
built castles fell.

No wonder then if frightened Reason fled,  
And left her seat to Madness and De-  
spair.

In depth of winter, far from home he  
stray'd,

And wander'd helpless o'er the desert  
moor :

No shelter had he from the howling  
storm,

Save some large tree with widely spread-  
ing boughs,

Beside whose trunk to stand, with fold-  
ed arms,

And view with vacant gaze the dreary  
scene.

No voice he heard except the whistling  
blast

Which swept the field, where was his  
nightly bed.

Thus cold and poor the wretched maniac  
liv'd,

Till one short month its scanty course  
had run ;

When as at night he laid himself at rest,  
Beneath the partial shelter of an oak,

Whose spreading limbs protected one  
small spot

From the descending snow which fell in  
sheets,

The nipping frost o'ertook him as he  
slept,

And as if sent in pity by the Fates,  
Freezing his blood, and dead'ning every  
nerve,

Crept o'er his frame, and stopp'd the  
stream of life. (corse,

The morning sun beheld the stiffen'd  
By hoary winter's mantle half conceal'd.

This was the fruit of long-expected joys,  
The wretched end of honour, wealth, and  
fame.

Rest to thy soul, thy merits claim a tear,  
And may'st thou in thy grave, which  
brambles hide,

Enjoy that peace which thou hast bo't  
so dear,

And which a base, ungenerous world  
denied."

(To be concluded next week.)

## MR. GRIZZLE, AND MISS WRINKLE.

### AN ENTIRE NEW SONG.

WHEN violets blossom in the grove,  
And linnets whistle notes of love,  
When jocund swains with milk-maids  
rove,

To tell the artless tale,  
Miss Molly Wrinkle, faltering cries,  
"I feel emotions constant rise,  
O spare a blushing virgin's sighs  
For Mr. Grizzle in the Vale."

Now Grizzle's face would give the lie  
To every feeling Love might try,  
His tender heart was *all my eye*,

'Twould blunt a rusty nail:  
Says he, "Pray Molly don't be rash,  
Your smiles I cannot turn to cash ;  
Heart, darts, and Cupids, are all trash  
To Mr. Grizzle in the Vale."

A wither'd lily Molly lay,  
The rose-bud, Time had cut away,  
And ebon locks had turn'd to grey,

Alas ! what could prevail ?  
Stiff as a ram-rod Molly grew,  
And every art she tried anew,  
To win that little—worse than Jew,  
Mr. Grizzle in the Vale.

A monument of skin and grief,  
Miss Molly moan'd without relief,  
While Mr. Grizzle eat his beef,  
And sipp'd his can of ale.

Ye gods ! what havoc Love can make,  
For Death thought fit at last to take  
Miss Molly from that barbarous rake,  
Mr. Grizzle in the Vale.

The village gossips soon arose,  
Grizzle at last uneasy grows ;  
He bit his lips, and blew his nose,  
To hear the woeful tale.

A Crowner's quest her exit tried,  
The verdict, no one there denied,—  
Miss Molly Wrinkle, spinster, died,  
For Grizzle in the Vale.